THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"The fashion of this world passeth away."

AS I am only a *Lay* Preacher, it must not be expected that I should always exhibit that accuracy of sermonizing, which characterises the settled Pastor. But having observed, in the course of a long and regular attendance of public worship, that divines are in the habit of dividing their matter, and of adjourning, sometimes, the morning exhortation till after dinner, I thought it expedient, when I selected the fruitful theme of last week's meditation, to reserve part of its topics till now. For, during the process of critically examining my subject, in all lights, I found that fashion regulated speculation no less than practice, and that *opinions*, as well as *dresses*, had their *times* and *seasons*. As we are told, by a profound reasoner, that as there is but *one* sun in the natural, so there can be but one truth in the intellectual world; an abstract metaphysician, in his cell, would suppose, that, by this time, *one* truth was discovered, and, hence, necessarily, induced uniformity of thinking. But this is a mere reverie of a novice in the history of man. In theology, in the healing art, in politics, in the fine arts, and in polite literature, in whatever interests, in whatever amuses our species, perpetual vicissitudes occur, and what is supposed to be settled by one party, at one time, is unhinged by different theories at another

In the infancy of the colony at Plymouth, and at the erection of the Saybrook platform, our emigrant forefathers rejected, with loathing, the fat luxury of Luther, and starved themselves on the mean fare of Calvin. They were doubtful even of *scriptural* truth, if it had issued from the Clarendon press, and would not read the sermon on the mount to edification, unless imprinted in a Bible at Geneva. Willard's body of divinity was their law and testimony, and reprobate was that sinner, who would adventure to read and practise a more gentle and generous system. But such heavy and clanking fetters of the mind, were too irksome to be long worn patiently by fretful sceptics, and infant Catholicism, in its cradle, at length ventured innovation. Good works were sometimes associated with implicit faith, and the piety of our primitive Christians was not always horror struck at the union. In process of time the reign of rigour declined, and now it may be said the high prerogative of superstition has become as nugatory as kingly power in France. For a new dictator, in divinity, *who knew not* Calvin, arose, and Chauncy considering *brimstone*, as a *Scottish* or an *old wife's fable*, proclaimed salvation to *all* men, and insisted that a profligate should not be eternally *singed* for his sins. Hume and Bolingbroke, with elegance and elaboration, but with the darkest sophistry, and Boulanger, an audacious Frenchman, in his 'Christianity Unveiled,' have presumptuously attempted to sap the christian's fortress, and now to represent the son of Mary as a mere man, and now as an imposter. These writings have induced flimsy opinions, called, from their nature, *deistical*, to predominate, and their professors, far from consulting the editions, either of England or Geneva, will inspect *no* Bible. Perhaps the accurate reader will pronounce my enumeration incomplete, unless I notice that *second edition of Tom Thumb's folio*, called 'the Age of *Reason*.' But as this, in mechanic's phrase, is but a bungling *vamp* of obsolete infidelity, written by a drunken author, rarely quoted, except by the lowest vulgar, and then in the lisping accents of intoxication, I will not condescend to an analysis, but terminate this head of my discourse with the warmest wishes, that, in spite of jarring opinions, Gospel charity and benevolence, may be, everlastingly, fashionable, and that men will not expect a more excellent mode from the new fangled looms of Paine and of Paris.

Physic has experienced more revolutions than Poland, or even France, since the Capets are no more. Bœrhave has prescribed at Leyden, what Brown would reject at Edinburgh. Gout must be pampered, according to one physician, and starved by another. The small pox, like Sancho Panza, is sometimes *blanketed* into submission, and sometimes every wintry wind must be invoked to blow the infection away. Dr. Cheyne insists that his patients shall quaff a perpetual bowl of milk, while a more jolly physician directs as perpetual and much *ruddier* draughts. Le Sage's Sangrado drained every vein, and now every vein must be inflated like a bladder. Cullen departed from Bœrhave, Brown has exposed and abjured the heresy of Cullen, and probably, by this time, some European projector has started a new theory, to the utter destruction of the old.

A logician, considering the two subjects, as equally variable, would infallibly class weathercocks and politics together. We behold vast empires sometimes governed by a solitary woman—and petty states headed by a *mob* of rulers. Kings, once ranked with gods, are suddenly and capriciously degraded among felons. Government, as a nervous writer expresses it, is sometimes scandalously relaxed, and then violently stretched beyond its tone. The *Corinthian capital* of society, laboriously erected by aristocratical artists, is prostrated by popular fury in an hour. In our own country, political modes are perpetually fluctuating. Prior to the formation of French *friendship*, that people, their religion, and their politics, were equally detested. The pope was antichrist, the French king his high steward, the government of France was the archtype of Turkish despotism, and the nation viewed as a motley collection of coxcombs and slaves. Mark the instant operation of a single defeat, on the whole political sense of America! A captured Burgoyne could metamorphose an arbitrary Lewis into the friend, the patron of republicans. But the love towards Lewis soon waxed cold, and Marat had his proselytes here as well as at Paris.

Very suddenly have most of our political fashions past away. Britain has been called a mother, a hag, a sister, or a fiend. Our rulers are perpetually wrangling concerning the garb of government. Some, from *Geneva* or Virginia, affect the broad mantle of republicanism, *which covers a multitude of sins*. Others prefer French manufacture of the *Paris cut*. A few, perhaps, wish to import materials from England, but there is a good warm, well made, easy garment, made to fit any one, called FEDERALISM, which the Lay Preacher actually prefers to his canonicals, and prays may be constantly worn, and an unchangeable mode.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GENUINE MEMOIR OF TALLEYRAND.

[Concluded.]

Let us beware, however, while we thus regard the Americans under one point of view, not to judge them, separately, with too much severity. As individuals, we may find in them, the germ of all the social qualities; but as a people, newly constituted, and formed of different elements, their national character is not yet decided. They remain English, without doubt, much from former habits, but as much, perhaps, because they have not had leisure to be wholly American. It has been observed that their climate is not yet formed, it is so with their character.

If we consider those populous cities, filled with English, Germans, Irish, Dutch, and natives; those distant towns, far separate from each other, those immense and uncultivated tracts, traversed rather than inhabited by men, who are, properly, of no country; what common tie can we imagine in the midst of these incongruities? The traveller, who after leaving a large city, in which the social state is perfect, passes successively through all the degrees of civilization and industry, still diminishing, until in a few days he arrives at the shapeless hut, built from the bodies of trees, lately felled, finds a new spectacle. Such a journey is a kind of practical and living analysis of the origin of states and nations: we set out from the most perplexed combination, and we arrive at the simplest elements; every day we lose sight of some of the inventions which our wants, in multiplying, have made necessary; and it seems as though we travelled back in the history of the progress of the human mind. If such a spectacle strongly attracts the imagination, if we are delighted to find in a succession of space, what appears to belong only to a succession of time, we must be contented for it to see few social ties, and no common character among men who seem so slightly to belong to the same association.

In many districts the sea and the forest have made them fishers and wood-fellers; now such men have, properly speaking, no country, and their social morality is nothing. It has been long since said that man is the disciple of the things which surround him, and it is true: he then, who is surrounded only by deserts, can receive no lessons but such as are essential to the continuance of life. The idea of social de-

pendance does not enter his mind, and it is only by decomposing the trade which he exercises, that we can find the spring of his affections and his morality.

The American woodman interests himself in nothing; every tender sensation is far from him; those branches so elegantly disposed by nature, that beautiful foliage, the lively green, which animates one part of the wood, the more sombre hue which saddens another, all pass him; he has no associations connected with place; his only idea is of the number of blows which he must give, with his axe, to prostrate the tree. He has not planted it; he knows not the pleasure of planting; the tree which he might plant would be valueless to him, for he would never see it fit for cutting: it is by destroying that he lives; he destroys every where; everywhere is, therefore, the same. He loves not the field where he has laboured, for his labour is fatigue, with which no idea of pleasure is joined. What goes from his hands has not passed through those gradations of increase which interest the cultivator; he follows not its destiny; he knows not the delight of new experiments; and if, in going out, he forgets not his hatchet, he leaves no regrets even there where for years he has lived.

The American fisherman receives from his profession a soul almost as senseless. His affections, his interest, his life, are all out of the society to which he appears to belong. It is a prejudice to think him a useful member of it; for we ought not to compare these fishermen to those of Europe, and think that, as there, this fishing is a means of forming sailors, of making men robust and skilful at sea. In America, I except the inhabitants of Nantucket, who whale, fishing isthe profession of idleness. Two leagues from the shore, when they fear not bad weather, a mile when the weather is uncertain, this is their courage, and the line is their harpoon; their knowledge is confined to a contemptible art, and their action, which consists in holding an arm over the boat, is sloth. They have no attachment to place; they know the land only by the miserable hut which they inhabit; it is the sea which nourishes them, and a few cod, more or less, determine their country. If, in one place, the number appears to diminish, they leave it, and seek another country, where the cod are more abundant. When political writers have called fishing a kind of agriculture, they have said what is brilliant, but not what is true. All the qualities and the virtues, which designate the farmer, are wanting in the fisherman; agriculture produces citizens in the best sense of the word; and fishing engenders nothing but cosmopolites.*

* This is the slander of a theorist, whose eyesight is at the service of no propositions but his own. Is the national institute composed of men who will credit this French jesuit, when he tells them that the American forester does nothing but cut wood, "even there, where he has lived many years." Does the wood not only warm the hut, but shoot the deer, plough the field, plant the corn, and clothe the children? Does it, in those parts of our country, to which Talleyrand refers, serve even as an article of exchange? Surely not; the inhabitant of Lapland would as soon think of offering snow for a reindeer; and the business of felling trees, except so far as it is intended to be preparatory to that agriculture, about which the Frenchman whines, is a daily arrangement to meet the remitting and irregular demand of his family.

Again, is it possible that the American fisheries, about which treaties are negociated, and thanksgivings offered to Heaven, are nothing but the taking of a few cod, more or less, on our own shore? This essay was read in 1797, and in the following December 1798, there were enrolled and licensed in our country, for the exclusive purpose of fishing, forty-three thousand, five hundred and nine tons of vessels; which, at twelve men per hundred ton, give upwards of five thousand seamen, who are, every year, from two to four and six months upon the ocean; the whole, saving 765 tons, were for the Cod fishery.

I have stopped, perhaps, too long to trace these manners; it may seem foreign to the memoir, and yet it completes the object of it; for I was bound to prove that it is not solely from causes of origin, language, and interest, that the Americans so often are English, an observation which applies particularly to the inhabitants of cities. *In casting my eye upon those troops, which wander through the woods, upon the coast of the sea, and the shores of the rivers, my general observation was fortified by that indolence, and that want of identity, which renders this class of people more fit to receive and retain a foreign impression* The last of these causes will, without doubt, have weakened, and even have disappeared when the increasing population, by fertilizing the waste lands, shall have consolidated the inhabitants: as to the other causes, they are so profoundly rooted, *that it would, perhaps, require a French establishment in America, to struggle against the ascendancy, with any hopes of success. Such a political view should certainly not be forgotten, but it is no part of this memoir.*

I have established that the Americans are English by their habits, and their wants; I am far from wishing to conclude, that, by their inclinations, they would be subjects of Great Britain. Every thing, it is true, draws them to England, the industrious, but nothing to England, the mother country. They may consent to depend upon its commerce, which is serviceable, without consenting to a dependance upon its authority, which they have found pernicious. They have not forgotten what their liberty cost them, nor will they, thoughtlessly, consent to lose it, by following the projects of ambitious men. They possess no longer the enthusiasm which destroys; but they have the good sense which preserves. They do not hate the English government, but it is upon condition that it be not their own. But particularly are they free from hatred of each other; they have fought together, and together they profit of the victory. Parties, factions, animosities, all have disappeared;* as good calculators, they have found that these were productive of very little good. No person, therefore, reproaches his neighbour with his condition, he seeks to turn him to his advantage, they look upon each other as travellers, arrived at the same port, and are not curious to inquire why such a one has embarked, or why he has pursued such a route.

Let me conclude: In order to come to the complete proof of the fact which I have advanced touching the commercial relations of the Americans with Great Britain, it has been necessary to discard probabilities and analogies; in positive sciences, it is particularly important to avoid probabilities, their adoption is the cause of great error.

The fact which I have stated, although well understood, might conduct us to false results; it might induce us to believe that the independence of colonies is a benefit to the mother country, generally; but, as we ascend to its true causes, the consequence is put further off. At present we can only see that the independence of the United States has been useful to Great Britain, and that it would be so to all the states of the continent, who, on the one hand, should offer to colonies of the same kind similar advantages, and, on the other, should be seconded by the same faults in their neighbours.

The developement of the causes of this fact has led to many independent conclusions: in running the causes over, we have been forced to conclude successively:

1. That the first years which succeed peace, determine the commercial system of states; and if they know not how to seize upon the occasion which shall turn it to their profit, it will turn itself inevitably to their greatest injury.

2. That commercial habits are more difficult of destruction than is commonly thought; and that interest draws those together sometimes, and often forever, whom passions, the most ardent, had armed against each other, for many years.

3. That in a calculation of all the relations which can exist among men, identity of language is one of the most fruitful data.

4. That liberty, and, above all, equality of worship, is one of the strongest guaranties of social tranquillity; for where the right of conscience is respected, other rights cannot fail to be so.

5. That the spirit of commerce, which makes men tolerant from indifference, tends also to make them selfish from avidity; and that a people, whose morals have been shaken by long agitations, ought to be drawn to agriculture, by wise institutions; for commerce keeps the passions in effervescence, and agriculture calms them.

In fine, that after a revolution, which has changed every thing, we must renounce our hatreds, if we would not renounce our happiness.

* This was literally true when the memoir was read to the national institute. If, since that time, parties have formed anew; if there is one that labours shamelessly to bring America again under the yoke of Great Britain, it would confirm only too much what I have advanced throughout the memoir, that the Americans are still English. But every thing leads us to believe that such a party will not triumph, *that the wisdom of the French government will have disconcerted its hopes;* and that I shall not be forced to retract the good I have said of a people whom it pleases me to think are English only by habits, which do not touch their political independence, and not by a sentiment which makes them regret they have ever acquired it. Note of Talleyrand, in the month of February, 1799.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Mr. Gibbon, who, it must be remembered, was himself one of the Lords of Trade, thus candidly describes that admirable oration of Edmund Burke, in which with all the powers of irony and satire, he attacked the *idle* pensioners, and strove to rescind the fungous excrescences of the state.

"I can never forget the delight with which that diffusive and ingenious orator was heard, by all sides of the house, and even by those, whose existence he proscribed, in his speech on Economical Reform. The Lords of Trade blushed at their insignificancy. I take this opportunity of certifying the correctness of Mr. Burke's printed speech, which I have heard, and read."

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Cowper, alluding to a memorable description in the prophecy of Isaiah, thus describes the frivolity and vanity of some ladies. I reverently presume that none of this species of women are to be found in America, but in ancient Jerusalem they roused the indignation of a prophet, and in modern Paris they excited the blushes of the virtuous.

Women, insolent and self caress'd,
By Vanity's unwearied finger drest,
Forget the blush which virgin fears impart,
To modest cheeks, and borrow one from Art;
Are just such trifles, without worth or use,
As silly pride and idleness produce;
Curl'd, scented, furbelow'd, and flounced around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground;
They stretch the neck, and roll the wanton eye,
And sigh for every fool that flutters by.

—

In some countries the proceedings in the courts of justice are characterised by slovenliness and vulgarity. Mr. Addison thus describes the gravity and dignity of a British tribunal—"I

listened to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and was infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity, which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws.

—

Dr. Young, who was no pretended lover of nature, but had what Sir William Jones calls an undissembled fondness for rural scenery, thus invokes the tranquil power of retirement, in strains which make one almost loathe the city crowd:

O sacred solitude! divine retreat,
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By the pure stream, or in the waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
Strangers on earth, are innocence and peace;
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with wealth, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and insure the next;
There, too, the Muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury, I owe to thee.

—

Among the Roman poets, who delight to expatiate on the tranquillity, health and happiness which may be found in the blissful scenes of the country, I do not remember that even Virgil has urged us to the grove with a sweeter voice than Mr. Pope:

Happy the man, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires,
Whom humbler joys of home felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers;
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high,
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er.
Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
To observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature and regard his end;
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home.
Such was the life great Scipio once admired,
Thus Atticus and Trumbull thus retired.

—

In an elegant pamphlet of Edmund Burke, written a short time before his decease, we find the following elevated sentiments, worthy of a high minded gentleman, and a hater of meanness and malignity in any station. It contains also a most happy compliment to Lord Grenville, and shows what value, by the discriminating mind of a great orator, was affixed to praise from one, who, in allusion to a passage in Paterculus, was himself worthy to be praised.

"Some, perhaps, may think the Earl of Lauderdale and the Duke of Bedford executors in their own wrong, but I have nothing to complain of. They have been the means of bringing out, by their invectives, the handsome things which Lord Grenville has had the goodness and condescension to say in my behalf. Retired as I am from the world, and from all its affairs, and all its pleasures, I confess it does kindle in my nearly extinguished feelings, a very vivid satisfaction to be so attacked and so commended. It is soothing to my wounded mind to be commended by an able, vigorous, and well informed statesman, and, at the very moment, when he stands forth, with a manliness and resolution, worthy of himself and his cause, for the preservation of the person and government of our Sovereign, and, therein, for the security of the laws, the liberties, the morals, and the lives of his people. To be, in any fair way, connected with such things is, indeed, a distinction. No philosophy can make me above it: no melancholy can depress me so low, as to make me wholly insensible to such an honour."

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At the conclusion of Dr. Goldsmith's natural history of fishes, that pleasing writer thus elegantly apostrophizes a country, whose dominion is over the waters. A finer specimen of Goldsmith's easy and tender style does not occur in any of his more finished performances, and the quotation from the inimitable simplicity of old Isaac Walton, will charm every one, who remembers the neatness of some inns in the country, and the smiles of most of its females.

"Happy England! where the sea furnishes an abundant and luxurious repast, and the fresh waters an innocent and harmless pastime; where the angler, in cheerful solitude, strolls by the edge of the stream, and fears neither the coiled snake, nor the lurking crocodile; where he can retire at night, with his few trouts, to borrow the pretty description of old Walton, to some friendly cottage, where the landlady is good, and the daughter innocent and beautiful; where the room is cleanly, with lavender in the sheets, and twenty ballads stuck about the walls. There he can enjoy the company of a talkative brother sportsman, have his trouts dressed for supper, tell tales, sing old tunes, or make a catch. There he can talk of the wonders of nature, with learned admiration, or find some harmless sport to content him, and pass away a little time without offence to God, or injury to man.

—

Sir William Jones, in his very noble and spirited dedication of his translation of Isœus, to Lord Bathurst, thus eulogizes the jurisprudence of a country, whose judges are Impartiality and Righteousness.

"How much soever the old states of Greece might have surpassed Great Britain, in the productions of art and genius, yet the administration of justice, on which the common security depends, now flows in a purer stream at Westminster, than formerly at Athens; for the archon sat in a tribunal, where every cause was generally decided by a kind of political law, to which no precedents were applied, and from which no rules were deduced. Whereas the British judge presides in a court, where the great boundaries of property are not only distinct and visible, but irrevocably fixed; where nothing is vague, or precarious, nothing left to discretionary interpretation, but where our ancestors wisely established, and their posterity has nobly maintained, a beautiful system of liberal jurisprudence, which, while it secures the important rights of Englishmen, contributes to the glory of England, by attracting the admiration of mankind."

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Sir William Jones displays, in all his writings, great liberality of sentiment, as well as a mind wonderfully versatile and copious. At a period when a large portion of Europe *bristled* with arms, and the intercourse of nations was suspended, this amiable writer thus expresses his wish for a treaty of amity and commerce among the wits.

"It is hoped, that the war will raise no obstacle to an intercourse with the scholars of Leyden, Paris, and Madrid; for men of letters, *as such*, ought, in all places, and at all times, to carry *flags of truce*." Advertisement to the Moallakat.

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This author, whose exquisitely polished, well balanced, and harmonious periods, sufficiently warrant us in the belief that he had diligently studied what he so liberally commends, thus extols the classics.

"It must not be supposed, from my zeal for the literature of Asia, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the Greeks and Romans; for I am convinced that whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the standard of true taste." See preface to his poems.

After this, let us hear no more crude theory, or sorry jests, at the expense of ancient literature.

MISCELLANY.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM COWPER.

From Hayley's new life of that amiable Poet.

[We have recently perused, with extraordinary emotions of pleasure, the interesting biography, from which we have selected the following article.]

The person and mind of Cowper seem to have been formed with equal kindness by nature, and it may be questioned if she ever bestowed on any man, with a fonder prodigality, all the requisites to conciliate affection, and to inspire respect.

From his figure, as it first appeared to me, in his sixty-second year, I should imagine that he must have been very comely in his youth: and little had time injured his countenance, since his features expressed, at that period of life, all the powers of his mind, and all the sensibility of his heart.

He was of a middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a blueish grey, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he was neat, but not finical; in his diet temperate, and not dainty.

He had an air of pensive reserve in his deportment, and his extreme shyness sometimes produced in his manners an indescribable mixture of awkwardness and dignity; but no being could be more truly graceful when he was in perfect health, and perfectly pleased with his society. Towards women, in particular, his behaviour and conversation were delicate and fascinating in the highest degree.

Nature had given him a warm constitution, and had he been prosperous in early love, it is probable that he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenor of health. But a disappointment of the heart, arising from the cruelty of fortune, threw a cloud on his juvenile spirit. Thwarted in love, the native fire of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion. The smothered flames of desire, uniting with the vapours of constitutional melancholy, and the fervency of religious zeal produced altogether that irregularity of corporeal sensation, and of mental health, which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendour and of darkness to his mortal career, and made Cowper, at times, an idol of the purest admiration, and at times an object of the sincerest pity.

As a sufferer, indeed, no man could be more entitled to compassion, for no man was ever more truly compassionate to the sufferings of others. It was that rare portion of benevolent sensibility in his nature, which endeared him to persons of all ranks, who had opportunities of observing him in private life. The great prince of Conde used to say 'no man is a hero to his familiar domestic,' but Cowper was really more. He was beloved and revered, with a sort of idolatry, in his family; not from any romantic ideas of his magical powers as a poet, but from that evangelical gentleness of manners, and purity of conduct, which illumined the shade of his sequestered life.

I may be suspected of speaking with the fond partiality, the unperceived exaggerations of friendship; but the fear of censure shall not deter me from bearing my most deliberate testimony to the excellence of him, whose memory I revere; and saying, that as a man, he made, of all men

whom I ever had opportunities to observe so minutely, the nearest approaches to moral perfection. Indeed, a much more experienced judge of mankind, and Cowper's associate in early life, Lord Thurlow, has expressed the same idea of his character; for being once requested to describe him, he replied with that solemn energy of dignified elocution, by which he is accustomed to give a very forcible effect to a few simple words—"Cowper is truly a good man."

His daily habits of study and exercise, his whole domestic life is so minutely and agreeably delineated in the series of his letters, that it is unnecessary for his biographer to expatiate upon them. I have little occasion, indeed, to dwell upon this topic, but let me apply to my young readers, a few expressive words of Louis Racine, in addressing to his own son the life and letters of his illustrious father. "Quand vous l'aurez connu dans sa famille, vous le gouterez mieux, lorsque viendrez à la connoitre sur la Parnasse vouz scaurez, pour quoi sesvers sont toujours plein de sentiments." I might add, in attending to a few of his most tender and pathetic letters, "C'est une simplicitè de mœurs si admirable dans un homme tout sentiment, et tout cœur, qui est cause, qu'en copiant pour vous ses lettres, je verse a tous momens des larmes, parce quil me communique la tendresse dont il etoi rempli." Cowper greatly resembled his eminent and exemplary brothers of Parnassus, Racine and Metastasio in the simplicity and tenderness of his domestic character.

His voice conspired with his features to announce to all, who saw and heard him, the extreme sensibility of his heart: and in reading aloud, he furnished the chief delight of those social enchanting winter evenings, which he has described so happily in the fourth book of the Task. He had been taught, by his parents, at home, to recite English verse, in the early years of his childhood; and acquired considerable applause, as a child, in the recital of Gay's popular fable, 'the Hare, and many friends,' a circumstance that probably had great influence in raising his passion for poetry, and in giving him a peculiar fondness for the wild persecuted animal, that he converted into a very grateful domestic companion.

Secluded from the world, as Cowper had long been, he yet retained, in advanced life, uncommon talents for conversation; and his conversation was distinguished by mild and benevolent pleasantry, by delicate humour, peculiar to himself, or by a higher tone of serious good sense, and those united charms of a cultivated mind, which he has himself very happily described in drawing the colloquial character of a venerable divine—

Grave, without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise: tho' meek, keen ey'd,
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit, as bright as ready, to produce;
Could fetch from records of an early age,
Or from Philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains, it was a privilege to hear:
Yet, above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory was the Gospel theme;
Ambitious not to shine, or to excel,
But to treat justly, what he lov'd so well.

Men, who withdraw themselves from the ordinary forms of society, whether delicacy of health, or a passion for study, or both united, occasion their retirement from the world, are generally obliged to pay a heavy tax for the privacy they enjoy, in having their habits of life, and their temper, very darkly misrepresented by the ignorant malice of offended pride. The sweetness and purity of Cowper's real character did not perfectly preserve him from such misrepresentation. Many persons have been misled so far as to suppose him a severe and stern sectary, though gentleness and good nature were among his pre-eminent qualities, and though he was deliberately attached to the established religion of his country. A letter to a young kinsman, on the point of taking orders, sufficiently proves his attachment to the church of England, and he speaks so decidedly on the subject, that certainly none of the sectaries have a right to reckon him among their number. He was, however, as his poetry has most elegantly testified, a most ardent friend to liberty, both civil and religious; and his love of freedom induced him to animadvert with lively indignation on every officious and oppressive exercise of episcopal authority. Few ministers of the Gospel have searched the scriptures more diligently than Cowper, and, in his days of health, with a happier effect; for a spirit of evangelical kindness and purity, pervaded the whole tenor of his language, and all the conduct of his life.

His infinite good nature, as a literary man, is strikingly displayed in the indulgent condescension with which he gratified two successive clerks of Northampton, in writing for them their annual copy of mortuary verses. He thought, like the amiable Plutarch, that the most ordinary office may be dignified by a benevolent spirit.

In describing himself to his amiable friend, Mr. Park, the engraver, he spoke too slightingly of his own learning; for he was, in truth, a scholar, as any man may fairly be called, who is master of four languages besides his own. Cowper read Greek and Latin, French and Italian; but the extraordinary incidents of his life, precluded him from indulging himself in a multiplicity of books, and his reading was conformed to the rule of Pliny, *non multa, sed multum.*

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF RICHARD GLOVER, Esq.

[This poet is strangely neglected at the present day, although his contemporaries, many of them of the finest wit and genius, were lavish of their encomiums upon his productions. Burke, in one of the most elegant and elaborate of his speeches, has noticed him with great complacency. He has honourably alluded to him in another. Green has highly complimented him in a poem of a very original cast. The powers of Glover's mind were wonderfully various. He was a merchant, a poet, and an orator. I know not whether the visions of liberty are sufficiently durable to enable us to enjoy his 'Leonidas,' but his 'Hosier's Ghost' will be always sung by the pathetic voice, and always extolled by the poet and the mariner.]

Richard Glover was born in St. Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London, in 1712. He was the son of Richard Glover, Esq. an eminent Hamburgh merchant in the city.

He received the whole of his education under the Rev. Daniel Sanxay, at Cheam school, a place the which he afterwards delighted to visit, and sometimes attended the anniversary, held of late years in London, where he seemed happy in relating his juvenile adventures.

At this seminary he distinguished himself by the quickness of his progress, and early began to exhibit specimens of his poetical powers.

At the age of sixteen, he wrote a *poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton*, prefixed to the "View of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy," published in 4to 1728, by his intimate friend Dr. Pemberton. "I have presented my readers." says Dr. Pemberton in the preface to this work, "with a copy of verses on Sir Isaac Newton, which I have just received from a young gentleman, whom I am proud to reckon among the number of my dearest friends. If I had any apprehension that this piece of poetry stood in need of an apology, I should be desirous the reader migh know that the author is but sixteen years old, and was obliged to finish the composition in a very short time, but I shall only take the liberty to observe, that the boldness of the digressions will be best judged of by those who are acquainted with Pindar."

Considering this poem as the composition of a school-boy, it will excite no small degree of surprise, as it possesses more claim to applause, and requires fewer allowances for faults, than productions of such an age are always allowed. To Glover may be applied what the present Earl of Orford said of his friend Gray, "that he never was a boy."

Though possessed of talents which were calculated to excel in literature, he was content to devote his attention to commerce, and at a proper period commenced a Hamburgh merchant; as appears from the following lines, with which he begins his poem called *London*.

Ye northern blasts, and Eurus, wont to sweep
With rudest pinions o'er the furrowed waves;
A while suspend your violence, and waft
From sandy Weser, and the broad-mouth'd Elbe,
My freighted vessels to the destin'd shore
Safe o'er th' unruffled main———

As a merchant he soon made a conspicuous figure; but his commercial affairs did not occupy his whole attention. He still found leisure to cultivate the study of poetry; and continued to associate with those who were eminent in literature and science; especially among the party in opposition to the administration of Walpole.

One of his earliest friends was Green, the ingenious but obscure author of that truly original poem, intituled "The Spleen," which, in 1737, soon after his death, was published by Glover. This excellent performance contains the following presage of his literary eminence, with an evident allusion to his *Leonidas*, which he had begun when very young.

But there's a youth that you can name,
Who needs no leading strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate,
This, this is he that was foretold,
Should emulate our Greeks of old;
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
He sings and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;
If he describe love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot on his page,
If he fair liberty and law,
By ruffian power expiring draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove;
With him the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow.

On the 21st of May 1737, he married Miss Nunn, with whom he received a fortune of 12,000l. and in the same month, he publised his *Leonidas*, an epic poem in nine books, 4to, which completely established his poetical reputation.

Leonidas was inscribed to Lord Cobham, and on its first appearance, was received by the public with great approbation; though it has since been unaccountably neglected.

But its favourable reception was not entirely owing to its intrinsic merits. At the time of its publication, a zeal, or rather rage for liberty, prevailed in England; a constellation of great men, distinguished by their virtues as well as their talents, set themselves in opposition to the Court; every species of composition that bore the sacred name of freedom, recommended itself to their protection, and soon obtained possession of the public favour. Hence a poem, founded on the noblest principles of liberty, and displaying the most brilliant examples of patriotism, soon found its way into the world.

Lyttleton, then high in the ranks of opposition in a popular publication called *Common Sense*,

under the signature of *Philo Musæus*, No. 10. April 9. 1737, praised it in the warmest terms. Dr. Pemberton published "Observations on Poetry, especially epic, occasioned by the late poem upon *Leonidas*." 12mo, 1738, merely with a view to point out its beauties; and it was praised by Thompson, of Queen's College, and other poets. It passed through three editions in 1737 and 1738; but it afterwards experienced the fate of those literary productions, which owe a temporary celebrity to the influence of party-principles, without deserving it.

The imprudent zeal of his friends had encouraged such extravagant ideas of it, that though it was found to have very great beauties, yet the ardour of the lovers of poetry soon sunk into a kind of cold forgetfulness with regard to it; because it did not possess more than the narrow limits of the design would admit of, or indeed than it was in the power of human genius to execute. It was severely animadverted upon, in a series of letters addressed "to the author of Leonidas," in the "Weekly Miscellany," for May 1738, under the signature of *Miso-Musæus*.

In 1739, he published his *London, or the progress of Commerce*, 4to; and soon after his ballad intituled *Hosier Ghost;* both these pieces seem to have been written with a view to incite the nation to resent the depredations of the Spaniards; and the latter had a very considerable effect.

His connection with Cobham, Lyttleton, Pitt, and other leaders of the opposition, introduced him to the notice of Frederick Prince of Wales, then struggling for popularity, and professing himself the patron of wit; who distinguished him by his countenance and patronage; and once, it is said, presented him with a complete set of the classics, elegantly bound.

The political dissentions at this period, raged with great violence, and more especially in the metropolis. In 1739, Sir George Champion, who was next in rotation for the mayoralty, had offended a majority of his constituents, by voting with the Court party in the business of the Spanish convention. This determined them to set him aside, and choose the next to him in seniority; accordingly Sir John Salter was chosen on Michaelmas day; and on this occasion Glover took a very active part; as appears from "A Narrative of what passed in the Common Hall of the City of London, assembled for the election of a Lord Mayor, on Saturday the 29th of September, on Monday the 1st and Tuesday the 2d of October; together with a defence of these proceedings, both as reasonable and agreeable to the practice of former times," 8vo, 1739, written by Benjamin Robins, the supposed author of "Lord Anson's Voyage."

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[At the departure of a valued friend, intending a short tour in Europe, a promise was exacted of an occasional letter, descriptive of men, manners, and things, in the elder world. This service, so grateful to the Editor, has not been neglected. The following letter, from London, may not be uninteresting to the publick. At the present eventful crisis, information from Europe is useful, and when it is correctly imparted, in the elegant simplicity of a familiar epistle, it is pleasant.]

London, June 18, 1803.

Dear Sir,

My arrival in this country was as early as I could expect. The voyage was pleasant, and I knew few inconveniencies from sea sickness, during the passage.

I landed at Hastings, in Sussex, and underwent the custom-house examination, the severity of which was greatly diminished by the well timed application of powerful gold.

Hastings is a small and neat fishing town, immediately on the channel. Its name is well known in the history of this country, from the contest which took place near it between William the Norman, and king Harold. Near the town and on the top of a hill, which overlooks the country around, and the sea which rolls below, are the ruins of Castle Hastings. This castle is said to have been the residence of a Danish pirate, who, by its extensive fortifications, was secured from punishment for his rapine and robbery on the surrounding country, and the neighbouring seas. The castle is now entirely in ruins, but the deep moat, which surrounded it, still remains, and many of its walls have successfully defied the rapaciousness of time.

The bloom of the English complexion is far more beautiful than I expected; a healthful appearance is universal, and content is pictured on every countenance. As I passed from Hastings to Battle, a small town, about eight miles from the former, I was much pleased with the universal cultivation of the country, and the uncommon neatness of the English farm houses. Wherever the eye directs itself, it meets with cultivated fields of hops, grain, and grass, and the divisions of the fields, by hedges of thorns, which are, at this time, covered with white flowers, augments the beauty of the scene. The various tints of English verdure, the deep and rich grass, with which it abounds, distinguish it from any I had before seen. Battle takes its name from its being near the spot, on which William and Harold fought. It is remarkable for an abbey, *Battle Abbey*, which stands in the town, and which, although erected by William the conquetor, is still in good preservation. There, for the first time, I beheld a Gothic building: its trenches, its battlements, its high arched windows, were all new to me, and afforded me particular pleasure. The piety of William prompted the erection of this abbey; and in it requiems were sung to the souls of those, who fell in the contest which gave him the kingdom, and for Harold, whose body was found at the place where the abbey stands.

I will not tire you, my friend, with the particulars of my journey to London, through Tunbridge, &c. The country, and the places through which I passed, are well known to you, from the descriptions of travellers, and no incident occurred to distinguish my journey from others. From Bromley, ten miles from London, it is one continued village to the city. On such fields are the country boxes of the rich *cits*, to which they retire in the afternoon to enjoy their pipe and entire—A short distance from Bromley you have a sight of London, and its thousand spires, which seem to prop the sky. The crowds of people entering and leaving the town make your passage difficult, and the extreme filth of the borough gives a stranger few favourable impressions of the place at which he would arrive.

I found London crowded. All strangers wait the celebration of the king's birth day, and then retire from town. I could not obtain any decent place to reside in the west end, from this circumstance, and have been obliged to take up my residence at a good hotel, near Black Friars bridge.

The English mode of living did not please me much in the commencement of my residence here. At a hotel a bill of fare is handed you, and you select your dinner. Order meat, and say nothing about vegetables, they won't bring you even a potatoe; in short, it requires an apprenticeship to know how to live in London.

I have visited Westminster abbey, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, and have also been through the Tower. In the House of Lords I was particularly astonished at their mode of doing business. While I was there, no one was present, the officers of the house excepted, but the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Melville, and yet they passed two bills, one resolution, and sent two or three messages to the House of Commons.

In the House of Commons I heard the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary at War, the Attorney General, and Mr. Corry, speak—Their topics were unimportant; yet Mr. Addington, the Secretary at War, and Mr. Corry, spoke with much fluency, and some eloquence.

The state of parties, in this country, is peculiar. An opposition, formidable from the men who compose it, as it consists of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Windham, and their friends, but inconsiderable in point of numbers, has arisen, in fact, since the declaration of war. They have no connexion with the *old opposition*, and I trust they will never form any. They have one leading principle which they never lose sight of, which is, that it is necessary to exert every energy of the country, capable of opposing, successfully, the views of the first consul. Under this principle, the present ministry are opposed by them, as they hesitate not to declare their opinion of their incompetency and timidity. Mr. Pitt has only within a short time taken this side, and he is now thought entirely separated from Mr. Addington. Whether it arises from their wish to obtain strength by a division of the former opposition, or whatever else may be the cause, the ministry have lately enrolled Mr. Teirney among them—and the Earl of Moira, it is thought, will have a place. Mr. Teirney looses few of his old friends, by accepting this place, and he is now supported in the borough by the same persons who elected him last year.

Of the causes of the commencement of the war, I shall say nothing. I send you the English and French publications on this subject, and you may judge for yourself. The war, here, is extremely popular. The militia march with alacrity towards the sea coasts, and the ambition and ill conduct of the first consul is the subject of universal conversation. The English people believe it a just and proper war, and enter with alacrity into the support of it—Offers, by gentlemen, in various parts of the country, to raise regiments at their own expense, are daily made, and almost every man is a soldier.

On the opposite shore, France has the universal applause of her people, and the conduct of the first consul is highly popular, I have this last circumstance from some of our countrymen, who arrived here within a few days.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

No date.

Dear Sir,

I am still indebted to you for your favours the 29th ultimo, and the 15th instant, to which I should earlier have replied, but for a slight indisposition, and much chagrin at some unfavourable news. However, I am recovering in health, with which my spirits return, and I keep ever in my mind the motto *De republica nil desperandum*. I counted the cost, when I entered the lists, and ballanced private fortune, ease, leisure, the sweets of domestic society, and life itself, in vain against the liberties of my country; the latter instantly preponderated, and I have nothing to complain of, though much to grieve at, occasioned by the miscarriage, or delay of my full powers for open and public application. I sent you a memoir on American commerce, and wish to know your sentiments on that subject. The

vessel, obtained at Bilboa, has been dismissed, and the commissary reprimanded for her detention, and ordered to lend the Captain every assistance he needed. This is a great point gained. I must suspend saying any thing on the proposals of officers for entering the service of the American States, as also of any thing further on the other artists I wrote about, until I receive intelligence, which I hourly have long expected, and which I think cannot possibly be far off, as I dispatched a vessel early in September, express, with an account of my situation, and that of affairs here; besides a war is evidently at hand in Europe.

Mr. Carmichael warmly described the kind reception you gave him, and your zeal for the interest of the United States, and friendship for me, which he might have spared, as every one of your letters demonstrates the sincerity and disinterestedness of your friendship, as well for my country, as for myself; and as you value your being the first Plenipo. of the American States, I equally value myself on your friendship and correspondence in the part I have the honour of acting with you, in this important scene, and am happy to think that to the present and coming actors in, or spectators of, the foundation and rise of this new State, in a New World, our correspondence will shew that our sentiments ever coincided. Be not discouraged, my dear friend, America must come off, in the end, triumphant, and under a new and unprecedented system of laws, liberty, and commerce, be the happy asylum for the sons of men in future ages. Whatsoever disappointments I may meet with, I will never despair of my country, for which I shall count it my glory to suffer all things, if it receive any advantage therefrom, and if not, I shall, at least, enjoy the pleasure, the unalienable pleasure, resulting from a consciousness of having done all in my power for its happiness, and, connectedly, for the happiness of mankind in general. The temper of the times is in favour of America, and it is now as fresh and as striking an object to Europe, as when first discovered and called the New World. It is among my principal mortifications, that I cannot have a few days, at least, personal conversation with you; but the situation of affairs here will not allow of a moment's absence, which Mons. Carmichael, I doubt not, explained to you. With persons, in public or private, who are friendly, yet equally apprehensive of consequences; willing to aid, yet timid—and, at the same time, not well acquainted and informed, the task, you are sensible, is as laborious as delicate; and, at a time, when events bear down argument, one cannot be released a moment from the closest attention to every thing rising, real or imaginary. Your lady's kind preparations for me, Mr. Carmichael most affectionately mentioned, and I will, life permitting, the moment I can quit Paris, in person, acknowledge, as far as words are capable of expressing, how sensible I am of the more than hospitable kindness; since, to provide for and receive the stranger, on arrival, is the duty of Hospitality, but hers is a work of supererogation, and though no Roman Catholic myself, yet so Catholic as not the less to love and esteem generous actions on all occasions. My most respectful and affectionate regards, with my ardent wishes for your mutual felicity attend you. You merrily style yourself St. John, as the precursor, but I have many reasons for your standing in another point of view in scriptural allusion, and therefore, as John is easily changed into Paul, and as we are fighting no common warfare, let it be, if you please, Paul and Silas

DEANE.

P. S. The news of New-York being evacuated is not confirmed, yet it is probable. But the event is of no great consequence, and by no means decisive.

Pray, for what sum per annum, can a young man be educated at Leyden, adhering to the strictest economy?

—

Authentic List of General Carleton's force, on Lake Champlain, in the late engagement.

	Vessels.	Guns.		Seamen.	Artillery men.
Ship	1	24 pdrs.	16	750	200
Schooners	2	12	28		
	1	9	17		
Tenders	28	6	26		
Gondola	1	Howitzers	12		

List of the American force in the late engagement on Lake Champlain.

	Vessels.	Guns.		Seamen.	Art. men.
Schooners	2	18 pdrs	4	500	None.
Sloop	1	12	5		
Cutter	1	9	21		
Gallies	3	6	30		
Gondolas	8	4	18		

Howitzers, none.

December 3, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

The above authentic list will shew how little reason there is to triumph in the advantage obtained upon the Lakes. All the private accounts agree, that General Arnold shewed the greatest skill and bravery in the two engagements; and, at last, would not strike, but burned his vessel with her colours flying. He has escaped to ——— Ticonderoga, which, unless the season should be uncommonly early and rigorous, they will attack this year. It is but fourteen miles from Crown Point, and water carriage; that, it is supposed, must be the ultimatum of this year's campaign. Relative to what you particularly desire to know, I had it from the President here, that such a treaty was likely to take place; but, I understand now, that the expectation of it is over.

I perceive, in the gazette of the Bas Rhine, the proceedings of the Congress on the affair of the Cedars, in which that respectable body has been falsely charged, with violating the treaty, in refusing to exchange prisoners, are mistated by the omission of this very natural resolution—"That the said sponsions be ratified, and an equal number of the captives from the enemy, of the same rank and condition, be restored to them, as stipulated by the said sponsion."

I wish this could be rectified.*

Grimaldi and Tannacci keep us all in astonishment. We cannot develope the politics of their dismission. Most people think it means peace. If so, they have done America very essential injury.

The lady is much obliged to you for your favourable opinion; and would be very happy to see so worthy a friend of her country and its cause.

Adieu.

ARTHUR LEE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Just published, in one large volume, octavo, illustrated by thirty plates, Elements of Botany, or Outlines of the Natural History of Vegetables, by Benjamin Smith Barton, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica, Natural History, and Botany, in the University of Pennsylvania.

The work may be had of Mr. Conrad, Mr. Nichols, and of the Author, in Philadelphia; of Messrs. T. and J. Swords, New-York; and of Messrs. Conrad & Co. Baltimore.

* See Almon's Remembrancer, vol. iv. page 17.

James Humphreys proposes to print by subscription, a Commercial Dictionary, by Joshua Montefiore, attorney and notary public of the city of London, and Author of Commercial and Notarial Precedents, &c. &c.

The object in compiling this Dictionary has been to arrange all the various and important articles relative to Trade and Commerce in a mode, combining accuracy and perspicuity with information, and with that facility of reference best adapted to instantaneous application.

As the materials are selected from the most recent and approved Writers upon Commerce and Commercial Jurisprudence, the Work is not only calculated for the use of such Gentlemen as have little leisure for researches into a variety of volumes, but also, from its general and comprehensive illustration of the Theory of Commerce, the Commercial Treaties, and the Law of Nations, for the library of the Statesman and the Scholar.

Among the leading Heads which, according to their comparative importance, have been more copiously treated, the following are the most prominent;

Awards,
Auctions,
Bank,
Bankers,
Bankruptcy,
Bills of Exchange,
Book-keeping,
Brokers,
Chartered Companies,
Commercial Treaties,
Copartnership,
Customs, Theoretical and Practical
Dock,
Embezzlement,
Exchanges,
Excise, Theoretical and Practical,
Exports and Imports,
Factories,
Fisheries,
Geography,
Insurance,
Interest,
Law of Nations,
Lien,
Manufactures,
Masters and Servants,
Monies,
Navigation,
Plantation,
Post-Office,
Public Funds,
Shipping,
Slaves,
Trade,
Quarantine,
Usury
Weights and Measures.

And in order to render it more useful in this country, he designs to enlarge it by Notes and Addenda, Relative to the Laws, Forms, Usages, &c. of the United States; by a Gentleman of the Bar in this City.

Conditions.—It shall be printed on a good medium paper with a handsome type, and will make three full and large octavo volumes.

The price to subscribers will be three dollars the volume, in boards, to be paid on delivery, The London copy in boards cannot be sold here under twenty dollars.

Subscribers for ten copies, or obtaining ten subscriptions and becoming responsible for them, will be intitled to a copy gratis.

The first volume will be put to press, as soon as the number of subscription will justify the undertaking; and the Editor is flattered by his present encouragement to believe, that the adequate patronage will very soon be extended: To hasten it, he respectfully solicits the early subscription of such as design to encourage the Work: The other volumes shall immediately follow and be finished without delay.

☞ To Non-subscribers the price will be advanced on the publication of the first volume.

Note. It is designed that the foregoing Work shall correspond in size, &c. with the Commercial and Notarial Precedents by the same Author.

Of the utility of the foregoing Work little need be said—it speaks for itself. Of the Author's ability for the undertaking it will be only necessary to observe, that, it is dedicated *by per-*

mission to the Right Honourable Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland;—and that the list of subscribers, a most numerous one indeed, consists, in addition to the Bank of England, the East India House, &. &c. of the first and most respectable characters in the kingdom.

Subscriptions are received by said James Humphreys, at the N. W. Corner of Walnut and Dock-streets.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"In the publications of *Denny*, and the imitation by the Gazette United States, the people of Europe are called upon to witness the degraded state of literature in this country. The Americans are held up as Goths and Vandals, and men, calling themselves Americans, attempt to prove the superiority of the European character. Fortunately the vehicles of such aspersions are open to the scrutiny of Europeans, who will see, in one paper, an affectation of extensive learning, and in another profound ignorance; they will, consequently, give them due credit, and no more; but, we trust, that the productions of both papers will not be taken as a criterion for the general state of American men and literature. In no country is there more solid good sense than in America, and the steady pace of our democratical form of government is the best proof." [*Aurora*, 24th *August*.

REMARKS.

The insolence of the above *editorial* paragraph has no parallel, but in some other effusions from the same source, which have occasionally come under our notice. We utterly disclaim any intention of suffering the Port Folio to become prostituted to the menial office of altercation with the editor of the Aurora. With the principles, supported in that paper, we are at war. But *he* is too base a man; he is too vulgar, and too contemptible, for any gentleman's regard; but he prints a paper, which he has the industry and the *ingenuity* to fill, from day to day, with every shade of slander, and every description of falsehood. That such a *printer*, and such a paper, are tolerated in the capital of tne United States; that they should be encouraged and supported by the contributions of native Americans; and by some, who, though hostile to the politics of the editor, are *weak* and *cowardly* enough to dread his resentment, and, therefore, *dare* not withdraw their names from his subscription list; that the Aurora should appear to flourish, and outlive many a literary, and many a useful journal, edited by native citizens; that such things are, is, we doubt not, abundant proof of the truth of Duane's assertion, that 'in no country is there more solid good sense, than in America.' Another and a stronger proof of 'solid good sense,' and of the steady pace of what Duane is pleased to call '*our democratical form of government*,' may be found in the sinecure office of stationer general, which this *foreigner* holds under the government of the United States. 'If federalists are continued in office, in the name of God, *what have we been contending for?*' This comprehensive question includes all the patriotism, all the publick spirit, and all the political principle, of every democrat in the United States. It is a struggle for bread and for power, which enlists the needy and the profligate, on the side of democracy, and the continuance of federalists in office, it is well known, has already defeated the expectations and baffled the hopes of many a noisy demagogue, whose patriotism will surely not long outlive his hope of promotion.

It might be a sufficient refutation of the malignant aspersions, which are constantly thrown out, by Duane, against the Editors of the Port Folio, and of the Gazette of the United States, barely to state the fact, that their foul-mouthed calumniator is only a *certificated citizen* of the United States, while they are *natives*. They have never been compelled, either by their necessities or their *crimes*, to roam about the world, like vagrants and paupers, in search of a disgraceful subsistence; they have a country, and a home; nor have they like *Esau and his tribe*, sold their birth-right for a mess of pottage. Let Duane and his rebellious fellow subjects continue to chaunt the popular air of "Erin go Brah"! And may it be the invariable fate of all *traitors* to exclaim, in the bitterness of anguish and despair, 'a home and a country remain not to me.'

—

The Aurora says—"Our Country suffers in the value of its property, by the incessant suggestions of *our* government being bad, fluctuating, certain not to last, and likely to be disturbed or overturned. Europe is taught false notions of us and of our system, so as to occasion us to make *worse terms in our great public bargains.*"

This is a kind of side-wind apology for the prodigal bargain lately made, by Mr. Monroe with the French government for the purchase of Louisiana. The mischievous federal printers give such false accounts of the government and resources of the United States, that all foreigners, having wild lands for sale, ask us double the price they would take of any body else. This is, to be sure, very naughty behaviour on their part; for which they are threatned with the wrathful chastisement of the Aurora.

It was long since predicted by the Federalists, that the Agent employed by the President of the United States to make the "great public bargain" for the purchase of Louisiana, would, from his *total ignorance of trade*, be gulled and cheated, by those sharp-sighted and *well-bred* land-jobbers, C. M. Talleyrand and Co. with whom he was sent to deal. If the French government wanted money, (as we say in Pennsylvania) *very bad*—it would have been much more sensible in our government to have made a loan, takeing a mortgage on Louisiana, as a security, than to have bought the province in fee-simple, because, now, we shall have all the trouble and expence of managing it in our own way,' of providing a government for it, and peopleing it with *republicans*; for the idea would be monstrous, that the present inhabitants, being chiefly, Spaniards and French, and totally unaccustomed to Republican institutions, should, all of a sudden, be expected to forget their former allegiance and turn United-States-men.

Fifteen millions of dollars, placed at interest upon Mortgage would have been a mighty clever thing, and Mr. Monroe would have been entitled to the honour, of which, on a former embassy he was so solicitous, of negociating a loan to the French Government. The Louisiana loan might then have gained equal celebrity, with the famous Silesia loan, of which all the world has heard. Mere bargain and sale, among nations, is, and ought to be, considered a most ignoble traffic.

—

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

BOSTON AUGUST 24.

Arived here, yesterday, the Ship John Adams, John Wood Esq. Commander, in 38 days from Liverpool. By this arrival London papers are received up to the 12th July.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Great-Britain never shewed such union of sentiment and spirit. Her measures are calculated for the greatest security by land, and victory at at Sea. The Government are continually receiving addresses in support of the war, &c. from every part of the United Kingdom, from all ranks and conditions in society, breathing nothing but manliness and vigour.

The above is an extract from a *Federal* paper, which among other *selections* from English papers, contains the following extract from sundry resolutions adopted on the 11th July by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London.

"Resolved unanimously, That this Court, feeling with indignant pride the insulting Vaunts of inordinate Ambition (though at the same time sensible how painful the necessity has been of engaging this kingdom in a destructive war, yet at this awful crisis exhibits to the view of the People Freedom or Slavery, Existence as an independent Nation, or Extirpation and Annihilation), solemnly call upon their Fellow-Citizens, and every individual Inhabitant, within the Metropolis, to enroll himself, in one of the classes hereby recommended and specified, in order that all may be prepared, and participate in the honour of chastising the insolence of an implacable Foe, should he ever dare to venture upon British ground. The Court take this opportunity of congratulating the country upon the present happy extinction of parties, and upon the harmony and unanimity now existing in all ranks, being convincing proofs of the zeal and affection of all orders for our beloved King and glorious Constitution, which must ever place the subjects of these realms above the menaces of any Power that shall pretend to give laws, or prescribe limits to the Policy and Interests of this Nation."

From the "Aurora," bearing even date with the above quoted *Federal* paper, we extract the following, under the head of "latest foreign news."

Private letters, from Paris, June 29, states—from our Sea-ports we continue to hear of nothing but captures, losses and failures; of a total stagnation in trade, and a great scarcity of money, of mistrust, diffidence and deception. Government encourages as much as possible plays and pantomimes, in which England is degraded and the English nation abused. In every City where the Consul stops, theatrical dulness assists departmental meanness, to flatter the great man and to calumniate Great-Britain. Notwithstanding all the active endeavours of our government, the building of gun-boats goes on but slowly, and the subscriptions for building are so trifling, that it would be a dishonour to publish them, even in the official Moniteur. We are generous only in words, and liberal only in our addresses; so far we pay our rulers in their own coin."

Now, reader, how long ago is it, since the "Aurora" contained a paragraph to this effect? "While we find in French papers ample testimony of the unanimity with which the war is entered upon by the government and people of France, *even in the selection made by Federalists from English papers* the wretched condition of the people of Britain must first strike our attention." &c. No longer than *Saturday* last; and on Tuesday following we find in his own paper *a selection* from "Bell's (London) Weekly Messenger" of the preceding, highly finished picture of the *unanimity* and happiness of the French people.

We wonder whether Duane ever reads the bible, and whether he ever came across this little sentence "The Devil was a lyar from the beginning?"

—

A newspaper reader asks why will Duane, the *opulent* favourite of Jacobinism copy so servilely the frugality of grandfather Franklin and print his Aurora in so cheap and slovenly a stile, that the smut without is of a hue almost as dirty as the smut within. Cannot the profits of the government stationer afford him at least clean sheets and clean hands?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BY W. COWPER.

[The following little poem was occasioned by the strange and premature appearance of a Nightingale, warbling in midwinter. The author thus alludes to this singular circumstance, in a letter to a friend—"you talk of Primroses that you pulled on Candlemas day, but what think you of me, who heard a Nightingale on new year's day? Perhaps I am the only man, in England, who can boast of such good fortune: good, indeed, for if it was at all an omen, it could not be an unfavourable one."]

TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

Which the author heard sing on newyear's day, 1792.

Whence is it, that amaz'd I hear,
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May.

And why, since thousands would be proud,
Of such a favour shewn,
Am I selected from the crowd,
To witness it alone!

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
For that I also long
Have practis'd in the groves like thee,
Though not like thee in song?

Or sing'st thou rather under force
Of some divine command,
Commission'd to presage a course
Of happier days at hand?

Thrice welcome, then, for many a long
And joyless year have I,
As thou to-day, put forth my song,
Beneath a wintry sky.

But thee no Wintry skies can harm,
Who only need'st to sing,
To make e'en January charm,
And ev'ry season Spring.

—

[In the course of his academical exercises, Vincent Bourne, whose very amusements were classical, composed, or translated, many exquisite poems, in the purest Latinity. Cowper has very elegantly rendered many of them into English. He has chosen to translate the 'Limax' of his original into a measure of sweetness and simplicity, which the man of letters will remember to have listened to with approbation in the works of the gay Sir John Suckling.]

THE SNAIL.

By Wm. Cowper.

To grass or leaf, or fruit or wall,
The Snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattles none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And, if he meet one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
He and his house are so combin'd
If finding it he fails to find
Its master.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Wordsworth seems to follow Goldsmith in the easy and agreeable track of simplicity. I know not with what emotions the lovers of the tumid style will peruse the following, but he, among my readers, who laughs at Blackmore and Della Crusca, will approve it.]

THE FOUNTAIN.

We talk'd with open heart, and tongue,
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat,
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

Now, Matthew, let us try to match
This water's pleasant tune,
With some old Border-song, or catch,
That suits a Summer's noon.

Or of the church clock, and the chimes
Sing, here beneath the shade,
That half mad thing of witty rhymes,
Which you last April made.

In silence Matthew lay, and ey'd
The Spring beneath the tree,
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey hair'd man of glee—

"Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes!
Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft a vigorous man I lay,
Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears,
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

The black bird, in the Summer trees,
The lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols, when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife, they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

But we are press'd by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there be one, who need bemoan
His kindred, laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my friend are almost gone,
My life has been approv'd,
And many love me, but by none,
Am I enough belov'd."

Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man, who thus complains,
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains.

And, Matthew, for thy children dead,
I'll be a son to thee!
At this he grasp'd his hands, and said,
Alas! that cannot be.

We rose up from the fountain side,
And down the smooth descent
Of the deep sheep track did we glide,
And thro' the wood we went.

And ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes,
About the crazy, old church clock,
And the bewilder'd chimes.

—

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

Strephon hath fashion, wit, and youth,
And every art to please;
He nothing wants, but love and truth,
To ruin me with ease.

But he is flint, and bears the art,
To kindle fierce desire;
His power inflames another's heart,
But he ne'er feels the fire.

O how it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recal,
To think he should despise our sex,
Or, what's worse, love them all.

So that my heart, like Noah's dove,
In vain has sought for rest,
Finding no hopes to fix my love,
Returns into my breast.

—

Inscription over a calm and clear spring, in Blenheim Gardens.

Here quench your thirst, and mark in me,
An emblem of *true charity;*
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither *heard*, nor *seen* to flow.

—

Mr. Oldschool,

The following lines are copied from a late London paper. If you think them worthy of a place, the insertion will oblige your friend and humble servant,

M. P. W.

Lines, written, by a traveller, on the walls of the Alhambra, the ancient Moorish palace at Grenada.

When these fam'd walls did Pagan rites admit,
Here reign'd, unrival'd, Science, Taste, and Wit.
Spain's bigots came, the prophet's flag assail'd,
And rear'd true worship where the false prevail'd,
And such the zeal those furious zealots bore,
Taste, Wit, and Science, perish'd with the Moor.

—

The following translation of Euchanan's lines "Qui te videt," &c. strikes me as at least equal to that in the 15th number of the Port Folio.

To gaze upon thy face is bliss,
To hear thy voice, with rapture charms,
More than terrestrial joy thy kiss,
And heaven itself within thy arms.

—

Translation of a Dutch Epigram.

When Adam slept, Eve from his side arose,
Strange his *first* sleep should be his *last* repose.

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